The Indiana State Sentinel.

VOL. XXIII---NO. 49. INDIANAPOLIS, TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1874. WHOLE NUMBER 1,759

DEFEAT.

He took her hand and looked at her!
No sound did that deep stillness stir;
Even the weary, wandering rain
Had ceased to beat upon the pane;
Only about the perfect mouth
A sigh more faint than the faint South
Hovered of moment's space, and then
Died into nothingness again.

The words he spoke were brief and slow—
What could he say, she did not know;
What pulse of that impetuous soul
But owned her calm, serene control?
No need for him to test her heart
With cunning fence or verbal art;
Only to ask and wait her will,
And, winning, losing, love her still.

Perhaps she wavered—ay, perhaps
The shadow of the cloud that wraps
The future from our questioning gaze
Let in some glimpse of after days,
Some hint of all she might possess
In that true spirit's tenderness,
If but her weaker life might move
Unto the music of his love.

Perhaps! who knows? He only knew
The large gray eyes were dim with dew,
Saw only on the mouth's sweet bloom
The shadow of reluctant doom;
Felt only one sad, gentle word—
And then through the deep stillness heard
Once more the weary, wandering rain
Beat dull against the window pane.

THE FLOWER UNDER FOOT.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

The flower may hide its lovely face
Among the tangled meadow-grasses;
It cannot hide its fragrance there
From any heart that passes.

Ah, gentle deeds, whose blessed wings
Alight in darkened doors, unbidden,
Your lovely flower is known in Heaven,
The blow on earth is hidden.

BIRDS FOR THE TRAP.

A GIGANTIC PIGEON ROOST.

THE PIGEON COUNTRY IN MICHIGAN— FIFTY SQUARE MILES INHABITED—THE MANNER OF FEEDING AND TRAPPING THE QUANTITIES SENT TO MARKET.

A correspondent of the New York World, writing from Frankfort, Mich., says: The description of the tunny fishery in Mistral's Calendar, thrilling and picturesque as it is, would not transcend the description of the great pigeon roost of 1874 in this (Benzie) county. The scene is novel to an Eastern visitor, and an account of it, though falling far below reality, will be received almost with incredulity by an Eastern reader. The number of birds this spring has exceeded even anything recorded in the traditions of hunters and oldest inhabitants. The miraculous flight of quails that fell by the camp of the Israelites, a day's journey on this side and a day's journey on the other side, and two cubits high upon the face of the earth, is as nothing to the "Betsy River nesting." Imagine, if you can, a tract of land about 16 miles long and three wide, where every bough is occupied by a dozen nests and a hundred birds, where the air whirrs from dawn till dark with ceaseless wings going and coming, where the flights that settle cover square acres with a living carpet, where from 250 to 400 men have for six weeks or more been engaged in trapping and killing without cessation or let, and yet not made the numbers appreciably less; imagine fifty square miles of pigeons, and that is the scene. As the old birds leave or are destroyed by millions, millions of young ones take the wing, and almost daily armies of reinforcements fly northward from far-away Kentucky and Missouri, the beat of whose wings and whose countless numbers obscure the sky and emit a hollow roar as if a tornado or thunder-storm were approaching. There are three regular "flights" a day—two "tom-flights" and one "hen-flight." At early dawn the male birds set out flying to the east and north to seek a breakfast of seeds and berries, ten, twenty, or fifty miles away, and by six or half-past six

THE SKY IS BLACK

with the departing birds. They tower up in great armies to a considerable height, each sheet of birds—sheet is the word that best describes them—wavering a moment like the needle of the compass when disturbed, then taking flight in the appointed direction with a unanimity and evenness of speed that would make one believe that every bird was animated by the same impulse at the same instant. An hour later not a bird is to be seen, but toward eight o'clock the rush of the returning armies is heard. Squadron after squadron arrives, cleaving the air with unwearied wing and unfailing sense, fluttering, wheeling, and descending, each division over its own district, each bird over the nest of its faithful mate. As "tom" after "tom" returns to take his trick at the domestic helm, "hen" after "hen" arises upward, and the armies of the Amizons go out to east and north. Toward nine o'clock the scene is indescribable. It is a very atmosphere of wings, earth and forest have been converted into feathers, and the eye gazes down vistas of pigeons to far horizons of squab pies and salmis de tourtes sauvages. Metropolitan readers will imagine a tract of woodland twice the width of Manhattan Island and twice as long as from the battery to Harlem river, birds arriving in flocks of a hundred thousand, birds departing in flights as numerous, a very Broadway of the air, extending over a whole county. By and by the lost female suffragist departs, and the meek males remain incubating with a faithfulness and amenability to domestic discipline that would delight the sternest unfeathered sister. In the middle of the afternoon the "hens" return and the "toms" depart to make an evening of it, returning before or about sunset. The late birds, who stay out till dusk, having apparently the latch key to their several nests, seem bothered when returning and fly very low

SWEEPING ALONG THE GROUND

till they get their bearings. Then begins such a slaughter as marked the coup d'etat. Poles and clubs are the weapons, and at every sweep a dozen birds, bained, crippled maimed, tumble to the earth. Scarely less simple and efficient is the practice of raking them down at night with poles from the lower branches of trees where they roost. Let it be said that the birds often settle so thickly that boughs as large in circumference as a man's thigh are broken off by the weight, and that the new and tender leaves and shoots are blasted by the incumbent mass. The foxes, and, later in the year, the hogs, batten on the ungathered becatombs that are left dead or to die in the grass. The shot gun and the net are the principal weapons affected by the hunters. The beach of Crystal lake, where the waters were lowered last year, affording a sheet of level sand some twenty-five miles round and nearly half a mile wide, is thickly dotted with the stands of the hunters—small huts of pine boughs in which the hunter sits with his guns. At times poles are placed for roosts without and decoys employed to induce the birds, like Dilla, to come and be killed, a raking discharge sweeping them from the poles literally by dozens. But when thick flights are of regular occurrence, there is nothing to do but to blaze away and pick up the dead. The nets do more wholesale execution but require a larger capital. Round a woodland spring, where the birds will stoop to drink, the smooth ground is abundantly spread with corn mingled with salt, the water of the spring being also salted with a liberal hand. For several days the birds that go hither in search of food are allowed to take their fill and carry home the good news. At last, growing bold by habit, they come not single spies, but in battalions and settle down to "work" the ground systematically. They advance en eschelon, with this advantage, that being blessed with wings the rearward companies, as they find corn scarce fly over the heads of the front companies and settle upon unoccupied ground, in turn to become again

THE REAR GUARD.

You may have noticed how pigeons feed, gathering a grain to this side and a grain to that and advancing all the while. The regularity and rapidity of this successive flight and settling remind one of an expert dealer "throwing monte." It is, in the language of the card-sharper, "one over, one under, one, two, three," al the time. When, therefore, this salted ground becomes the regular resort of flights of birds four or five thousands strong the woodland free lunch system is abolished and the birds are made to "pay with their persons," as the French would say. The nets suspended on stakes round the ground are struck, there is a hurried and thunderous roar of wings as those most happly fly off, and the earth is covered with a carpet of dark blue. The net restles and undulates with the efforts of the imprisoned birds to escape. Then the trapper comes out and releases them one by one. If he is trapping for market he wrings their necks and they are barreled and carted away. If it is intended to sell them alive they are placed in coops and shipped or stored in barns and houses. The biggest catch of the year has been 800 birds, though it is recorded that one trapper secured nearly 1,300 at one strike. This probably would have been exceeded by Mr. Fisher a few days ago when he struck into a flight so thick that the birds raised nets, stakes, and all, breaking the meshes and flying off by hundreds. Some idea of the extent of the operations may be formed when it is said that probably a thousand bushels each of salt and corn have been used in preparing the feed beds this season. The New York State Sportsmen's Association has taken 40,000 or 45,000 live birds from Frankfort, and Fisher & Sous, alive and dead, as many more, and as for small dealers and individual hunters, it is impossible to say how many hundreds of barrels and coops they send away weekly.

A LOST SON'S RETURN.

A ROMANTIC LIFE INCIDENT—HOW A YOUNG GERMAN FINDS HIS LONG LOST PARENTS.

The Berlin (Ont.) Telegraph gives the following interesting piece of romance: Some fifteen years ago a family named Meyer, from Switzerland, crossed the ocean in search of a home in America. The husband, a baker, died at sea, and the widow with her family came to Canada, finally locating near Bamberg, in the township of Wellesley, where she supported herself and children by cigar-making. Some time after the buxom widow was wooed and won by a shoemaker named Casper Horn. One day about two years after their arrival at Bamberg, the mother sent her son Nicolaus to a neighbor's house to get some milk, but missing his way, he strayed into the woods and never returned. The afflicted mother made every inquiry and search that was in her power, but without avail—no tidings whatever could be had of the lost boy. For thirteen long years the poor woman continued to mourn the loss of her boy, naturally supposing him to be dead, and entertaining not the slightest hope of ever seeing him in the flesh. What the bereaved mother suffered during that time may be easily imagined. Strange to say, however, her long cherished wish to see her lost son once more has at length been gratified, and now there is joy in the house of Horn (not "in a horn" either.) One day last week a young man, aged 22 years, arrived at St. Agatha, and proceeded to make inquiries about a certain Mr. Horn, intimating at the same time that he was the long-lost boy Nicolaus Meyer. On being questioned as to his mysterious disappearance from home thirteen years ago, and as to his wanderings since that time, he related the following particulars: Of the way in which he strayed from home he has no recollections, further than that a farmer found him on the road somewhere and took him along to his (the farmer's) home, where he remained seven years, working for his board and clothing. Then the farmer, a Scotchman, residing near Georgetown, sickened and died. Nicolaus went to live with another farmer near Brampton, county of Peel, who gave him board and lodging, besides a young colt, which he was allowed to raise, and finally sold for $125. This money he deposited in a bank. Great as was the yearning of the mother for the restoration of

HER LOST SON.

equally keen was the desire of that son to set out in search of those to whom he belonged, and for the past five years he had been determined to start on his errand; but whenever he alluded to his proposed journey the people with whom he lived as frequently dissuaded him, telling him that his efforts would be fruitless. Lately, however, he determined to start, and start he did, on his self-imposed mission, which, as may be supposed, was not an easy one. All that he knew about his parents was that his father died at sea and that his stepfather's name was Horn. While he was traveling along near Guelph he related his story to a man who, rightly conjecturing that Horn was a German patronymic, advised him to visit the county of Waterloo, being composed chiefly of Germans, where he would be the most likely to get the desired information. He came to Berlin, got tidings of his step-father, and proceeded to St. Agatha, where he called on Anthony Kaiser, with whom, as it happened, Meyer's sister was living at service. On hearing the young man's remarkable story Mr. Kaiser at once went for Mrs. Horn, who lives about three miles from the village, and (without giving her the slightest hint of the surprise awaiting her) introduced the young man as a sewing machine agent from whom her husband had purchased a machine. By this time the villagers had congregated about Mr. Kaiser's door, in expectation of witnessing an unusually affecting scene. The mother, on noticing the crowd collecting, suspected some strange denouement, and asked for an explanation. Mr. Kaiser being unable to resist, presented the young man as her long lost son. The emotion of both mother and son was very great as they embraced and lay in each other's arms weeping for joy, and not a single eye of all the by-standers remained dry, every one sharing in the joy of the reunited mother and child. As was quite natural, a lively conversation between mother and son soon followed, which was both ludicrous and annoying, for, while the mother was unable to speak English, the son could understand no German, having entirely forgotten his mother tongue, and the services of an interpreter had to be called into requisition. The mother, on going home, ordered the fatted calf to be killed in honor of the lost and found son; a grand jubilee by the family, friends and neighbors brought that eventful day to a close.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

BEECHER'S EARLY LIFE.

A VISIT TO LAWRENCEBURG—HIS CHURCH AND PEOPLE THERE—HIS MARRIAGE AND MANNER OF HIS LIVING—THE YOUNG DAVID'S POPULARITY.

A correspondent writing from Lawrenceburg to the Chicago Times gives some interesting items concerning the early clerical life of Henry Ward Beecher in that village; Henry Ward Beecher preached the first sermon of his life in this little city on the north bank of the Ohio river, forty-five years ago, when Lawrenceburg was the chiefest commercial town in this commonwealth, when she boasted the best and largest buildings, the most enterprising and richest men, the handsomest women, the prospect of the first railway west of the Alleghenies (a charter having been granted about that period for the "Lawrenceburg and Indianapolis railroad," two miles of which were 'constructed before your correspondent ' was born), and when her people had "made up their minds" to lead the advance guard of western development, fourteen of her citizens, Presbyterian in belief, organized themselves into "the first Presbyterian Church" of Lawrenceburg. They proceeded immediately to erect a neat and substantial brick and stone church building, certainly one of the best edifices of that character in any village of the west at that time. It was finished and dedicated in 1829. The course of the Ohio at this place being southwardly, streets leading from it extend westwardly. This Presbyterian church, which is now invested with so much historic importance, in connection with Beecher and the scandal stands here to-day precisely as erected, precisely as young and handsome and luxurious as when Henry Ward entered upon his eventful career in it, and is assuredly as unique and interesting an architectural link coupling the past and faded generation with the present, as the west can show. On a thoroughfare bearing the not very pleasingly suggestive name of "Short" street, extending from the river west toward this distant hillis, two squares from the water's edge, stands this cosy little old building. It is not precisely a "wart of an edifice on the wrinkle of a hill," but reminds you, in its cob-webbed and grimy appearance, of a wrinkled and decrepit old man, one foot in the grave and the other speedily going hence. My friend, Mr. Sparks, unlocked the old door, and it creaked on its rusty hinges as he swung it back to admit us. I found a plain, airy, cleanly hall, 50x60, occupied by the cushioned pews, a Mason & Hamlin organ, a bookless new bookcase and a graceful modern reading stand in the center of the dias, upon which lay a handsome copy of the Bible. I found the dias neatly but unpretentiously carpeted. The only internal change since

THE DAYS OF BEECHER

was substituting this slightly elevated dais for the old-fashioned coop in the air, from which elevated box young and handsome Henry made his ministerial debut 37 years ago. Your correspondent came here purposly to investigate upon the ground, and come face to face with the ancient living witnesses. In Mr. Beecher's famous Friday evening lectures he has, throughout his remarkable career in Plymouth church, made the reading world familiar with "that obscure little town in Indiana." Under the circumstances of the attitude of fame reached by Brother Beecher and of the great scandal hanging over him like an avenging Nemesis, it may prove interesting to turn to Beecher's beginning. In 1837, Henry was twenty-four years old, and about to graduate from Lane Theological Seminary (under the direction of his father, eminent Lyman Beecher,) and go out into the gospel work of the wide world. This town was regarded as a "choice spot" of beginning by graduates of that college. Situated but an hour or two by boat from the Queen City, youthful aspirants to the pulpit could run down here, try their hand, and go back to their dormitory or their sweetheart in a brief time. Whenever the pulpit of this church became vacant, all that was necessary was to send up to the "Lane" and ask for a "cadet." At all events, the Presbyterian church of Lawrenceburg was minus a minister in 1837. A call on Lane Seminary was made. Successive Sabbaths several young graduates came down, young Beecher among the rest. He preached two or three times: was liked; proposed to become their regular preacher, and finally was accepted. In a contest like that, where the church took "pick and choice" from a dozen, it was regarded an honor to win the prize—an honor conferred by the intelligent congregation and membership. Thus, thirty-seven years ago,

YOUNG BEECHER CAME,

and entered upon his work in the ministry. He soon became popular and started on his career of world-wide fame. About that time he had added a rib to his anatomical economy, by taking unto himself a Miss Eunice Leighton, a bright, ambitious, willful, energetic, fame-loving, gold-worshipping country girl from "Hill Farm," (her father's abode), in Massachusetts. She had been jilted by a rich Boston roue named Dalton, whom she afterward denounced as "a self-conceited young man, utterly devoid of delicacy, and nothing daunting but that half a million could buy the fairest lady in the land."

In her autobiography, "From Dawn to Daylight," Mrs. Eunice Beecher describes herself, as, at that time, a very young girl, "very beautiful" in her "fond mother's eye," and who wore "rich auburn curls." Later through the book she contrasts herself to the wife of George Beecher, brother of Henry W., and calling herself Mary, says: "Mary's figure was larger, and not so graceful or dignified, and her educational advantages had been far inferior. She was inclined to grieve over this, fearing that she might not prove, in all things, such a wife as her loving heart believed her husband must deserve"

With his young wife, in 1838, Mr. Beecher quit boarding and went to "house-keeping" in apartments which I have inspected to-day. I only refer to this trivial matter because Mr. Beecher is so very fond of calling the attention of his millionaire and aristocratic Plymouth church audiences to it.

MRS. BEECHER IN HER BOOK

pictures the apartments and all the surroundings as simply terrible. The same building is standing to-day, and the apartments which the Beechers occupied more than a third of a century ago are just as they were then. They comprise a suit on the second floor, the full width of a large brick-house—not less than twenty-five feet front. Furnished, as she pictures they were, her deft and industrious Yankee hands had completed the cleaning and "fixing up," I should think any young couple who hadn't money enough to buy a cooking stove, or even a bed (as she says they had not until she sold a cloak her father gave her in Boston for $30 in silver), would feel very comfortable in them. The front (on the street) was west, and the rear apartment, opening on to a verandah, overlooked the rolling Ohio river, with the lovely Kentucky hills for a background,—a scenic picture for an artist. The entrance to these delightful apartments was by an easy flight of stairs to the verandah. And while residing in these two rooms, with a young wife to love and a young church to preach to, Henry Ward Beecher began his clerical career. He was self-reliant, courageous, ambitious,—if as winning as described to me, he was the living, breathing impersonation of poetry, passion, grace, wit, daring, tenderness, and every other fascinating quality.

BEECHER SPEAKS AGAIN.

HE DEMANDS AN INVESTIGATION.

NEW YORK, July 10.—The next number of the Christian Union will contain the following authorized history of the demand for an investigation. On 7th July Mr. Beecher addressed a note to the executive committee of Plymouth church, stating he had requested certain gentlemen, members of the church of the society, to make a thorough and detailed examinations into the rumors, insinuations or charges made respecting his conduct, and asked them if they approved of the selection to add their official appointment to his personal request. The letter asking the gentlemen to serve was as follows:

BROOKLYN, June 27, 1874.—Gents: In the present state of the public feeling I owe it to my friends and to the church, and the society over which I am pastor, to have some proper investigation made of the rumors, insinuations, or charges respecting my conduct as compromised by the late publications made by Mr. Tilton. I have thought that both the church and the society should be represented, and take the liberty of asking the following gentlemen to serve in this inquiry, and to do that which truth and justice may require. I beg that each of the gentlemen named will consider this as if it had been separately and personally sent to him today: From the church, Henry W. Sage, Augustus Storrs, Henry M. Cleveland; from the society, Horace B. Claflin, John Winslow, J. F. White. I desire you, when you have satisfied yourselves by an impartial and thorough examination of all the sources of evidence, the church will take such action as may then seem to you right and wise.

[Signed,] HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The examining committee recognizing the representive character of the men thus appointed, unnamously adopted the action of the pastor, and formally authorized the gentlemen named to act as a committee on its behalf, and report the result of their inquiry for its information and further action. The Congregationalists lately suggested that the charges against Mr. Beecher should be referred for examination to several distinguished men in several parts of the country, but Mr. Beecher seems to have thought that the matter might more appropriately be referred to members of his own church and society, whose interest in the purity of its ministry would make them do their work thoroughly and impartially, and who, having been chosen to official trusts by their fellow members, would especially command their confidence. This however is in accordance with the principles and genius of Congregationalism, which impose upon every church the duty of settling its own difficulties, without needlessly troubling others. Mr. Tilton's publication, it will be remembered, was made Thursday, June 25. Mr. Beecher, coming to the city Friday, conducted his usual prayer meeting, and Saturday, 27th, wrote the above letter asking the church to investigate the matter. The committee has entered upon its work and will prosecute it to the earliest possible completion. The second letter of Mr. Beecher also addressed to the examining committee and referred to above is not contained in the above article. It was obtained last night by a Tribune reporter, and is as follows:

JULY 5th, 1874.

DEAR BRETHREN: The enclosed letter, in which I have requested three gentlemen from the church, and three from the society of Plymouth church, gentlemen of unimpeachable repute, and who have not been involved in any of the trials through which we have passed during the year, to make a thorough and impartial examination of all the charges or insinuations against my good name, and to report the same to you, and I now respectfully request that you will give to the committee the authority to act in your behalf also. It seemed wise to me that the request should proceed from me and without your foregoing knowledge, and that you should give to it authority to act in your behalf in so far as a thorough investigation of the facts should be concerned.

[Signed,] HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Sherman says that the committee received the letter on Sunday, June 28, and went at work the next day. Their action received the unanimous approval of the examining committee of the church, which met July 6, and the six gentlemen were made a sub-committee of the examining committee. They expected to finish their labors this week although they may be delayed by the difficulties of getting witnesses, not because of the unwillingness of witnesses to testify, but because of the absence of so many of them from the town.

AN UPPER TEN SENSATION.

A BEWITCHING IMPERSONATOR OF THE "CAN-CAN" WINS A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER—A RIPPLE OF EXCITEMENT.

A special to the Chicago Times from Washington, has a spicy bit of capital gossip: Certain fashionable circles of Washington are just now agitated by the marriage of a young man of high social position to one of the ballet girls of the Theater Comique. The young man alluded to is Prestly J. Jenkins, son of Admiral Jenkins of the navy. He has been a frequent visitor at the Theater Comque, and while witnessing the mazes of the bewildering can-can, became interested in one of the dancers who nightly tread the boards at that place. She is a blonde, about ten years the senior of the young man, and has been on the stage and in the variety business for some time. She is about the medium height, and is considered good looking. She bears the name of "Frank Cbristie," and has recently taken the part of "Frailty" in the can-can with infinite grace and spirit. The visits of young Jenkins to the theatre became more frequent, and he sought his charmer behind the scenes, and at the close of the performance he was her constant companion. On Tuesday of this week he took out a license for marriage, and on the same evening, at St. John's church, the assistant rector officiating, he took her for better or worse. Yesterday there was a ripple of excitement in west end quarters, which increased before night, and the friends of the young man, becoming satisfied of the truth of the rumor of marriage, at once telegraphed to the admiral at Newport, R. I. The young man, however, did not allow this to interfere with his romance, and last night he occupied a prominent seat at the Theater Comique, and appeared to greatly enjoy the evolutions of his bride. At the conclusion of the performance he left the theater for the Continental hotel, where they are at present domiciled. The bride appeared to-night in the "Can-can" before a packed house.

A CHILD-STEALER.

A DRAMA FROM REAL LIFE—FOUR ACTS ALREADY GIVEN.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean of the 10th inst. gives a condensed melodrama of real life: The Commercial Hotel, or the sidewalk immediately in front of it, was yesterday the scene of a highly dramatic episode. The actors were William B. Hotchkiss, a deserted husband, Lizzie Hotchkiss, his runaway wife, and their daughter, a little seven-year-old child. A policeman also figured in the play, but only as a "supe." Add to these a number of by-standers, and the bill is complete. Now for the plot. The first act is laid in New Haven, Conn. Wm. B. Hotchkiss and Lizzie —— meet, become enamored, marry, and for a time all goes merry as a wedding bell. A child is born to them, a fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter, and the whole world, reflected in their happiness, seems beautiful. Between the first and second acts a period of six or seven years has elapsed. The scene is still in New Haven, but it is by no means so pleasant. Incompatibility of temper has stepped in to mar their happiness. Lizzie has begun to think William a brute, and perhaps she is right. She claims that he abuses her. In the first scene they quarrel. In the second she resolves to fly with her little daughter, and packing up the necessary clothing, etc., carries out her resolution. She enters the train and is gone, her destination Chicago. In the third scene William has discovered her flight, and is pacing up up and down his parlor, trying to devise a plan to recover his wife and daughter, or at least the latter. A happy thought occurs to him. He rushes to the chief of police, charges the deserter with larceny, and asks the official to telegraph to Chicago and have her arrested. The telegram is sent, and William takes the next train for the Garden City. The curtain again drops. The third act takes place in Chicago. In the first scene Sergeant Joe Dixon is perusing a telegram describing a lady who is charged with larceny in New Haven. He dispatches an officer in search of the alleged offender. In the next scene the arrest has been made, and the prisoner is confined in a cell in the Central Park station. Her name is Mrs. Lizzie Hotchkiss. A tall, red-faced man, clad in a linen duster of abnormal length, enters and enquires if his wife has been found. His name is William B. Hotchkiss. "Yes," replied Joe Dixon, "she's here."

"WHAT DID SHE STEAL?"

"She didn't steal anything," was the reply; "she has run away from me and taken our little daughter with her, and I want them to come back." The third scene is in Justice Boyden's court. Lizzie Hotchkiss, charged with larceny, is called to answer. She pleads "Not guilty." Her husband tells his story. The prisoner is dismissed. As they leave the court room, he mutters, "I'll have that child if I have to cut your heart out." The last two scenes occur Thursday, July 9, 1874. The curtain rises on the fourth act. The scene is in front of the Commercial Hotel. A little fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, dressed in a suit of dark blue, trimmed with white, steps out on the street. A tall man, with a linen duster, rushes up and seizes her. The child screams "Mamma, come quick; papa has got me!" A woman rushes out and attempts to recover the little one. It is Lizzie Hotchkiss. The man is her husband. A crowd gathers, a policeman rushes up, and the trio are taken to the Armory station followed by a long train of bootblacks. In the second scene Station-keeper Hays is examining the parties. The child is seated on her father's knee, crying bitterly and struggling to escape to her mother. That lady is in tears. William is requested to empty his pockets. He does so. They contain four knives, two of which are perfectly new and furnished with blades of the bowie pattern. One is open and ready for use. As he hands over his personal property, he says to his wife: "You will have to go home with me." She replies, "I never will. You may take my dead body, but cannot take me alive." He smiles sardonically, and says he will take the child. "You may have the child," says the mother, "if she will go with you." The child shirks away from him and hides her face in her mother's dress. The entire party are then escorted below. The curtain falls on a number of policemen sitting at the door of the station discussing the strange occurrence. The fifth act will take place this morning at Justice Boyden's court.

SOME FIGHTING FARMERS.

THE RIGHT OF WAY DISPUTED—THE "AGGIES" PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR CONFLICT—A BLOODLESS ENCOUNTER.

The Rochester Union of the 6th inst. gives an amusing chapter connected with railroad building in that state: The usually quiet vicinity of Port Byron furnishes an item of interest, it being of no less serious a character than an armed collision between the farmers and the officials and employes of the New York Central railrod. The trouble grew out of the work of laying the new double track through Port Byron, or the town of Mentz. From a point about half-a-mile west of the depot and extending some two miles westward the company found difficulty in purchasing the right of way. The land owners refused the proffered compensation, and besides insisted that the company should construct a bridge over the tracks, so that they could pass from one portion of their farms to the other. The company refused to accede to the demand, and were sustained in such refusal by the courts. When Superintendent Burroughs proceeded to the scene on Thursday with a gang of laborers he found encamped upon the field the landowners, consisting of A. A. Armstrong, William Jones, Jonathar, Myers and William Graham and their friends, armed with guns, pistols, clubs, etc. The demonstration was supposed to mean that the first man who attempted to haul down the farmers' flag would be shot on the spot. Nothing daunted, however, Superintendent Burroughs' men advanced with firm step and proceeded to tear down a section of fence to enable them to commence the work of excavation.

A WAR OF HARD WORDS

and some blows was immediately inaugurated, but none of the firearms were discharged with the exception of a pistol which went off accidentally in the hands of a landowner, and hit, or grazed, rather, a sub-contractor, who happened to be merely a spectator, like the congressmen who went to Bull Run to witness the opening of the campaign against the rebellion. The railroad men, who, we should state, were under the immediate command of Track Master Barstow, succeeded in demolishing about fifteen rods of fence and retired in good order, fully convinced of the importance of exercising a little discretion in this matter. They (the railroad officials) went to the village and swore out warrants for the arrest of the farmers. At 6 P. M. the constables made an attempt to secure the riotous grangers but failed, and the latter held the field for the night. A telegram was sent to the sheriff of Cayuga county for military aid, but that official was not at home. No person was slain in the battle, and no blood was spilt except what was drawn from bruised nasal protuberances. On Friday, Saturday and yesterday all was quiet, the farmers holding possession of the ground and the railroad men making no further attempt to secure occupancy. In the fight of Thursday the railroad men are said to have displayed much valor until they came within sight of muskets, when they quickly fell back. Superintendent Burroughs ordered Trackmaster Barstow to advance with his men, but he declined to give the order or lead on the column. Whereupon he has been removed for disobeying orders. This morning things remained in statu quo on the battle field. The railroad authorities are to make application to-day to Judge James C. Smith at Canandaigua for a writ of assistance in behalf of the sheriff. This will doubtless result in calling out the military unless the farmers surrender.

SHOOTING OVER THE BORDER.

A LITTLE DOMESTIC UNPLEASANTNESS, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

The Chicago Times contains the following special from Bloomington, Ill.: A general shooting affray occurred five miles southwest of Danvers, in this county, and about ten miles from Bloomington. Thomas Stonaker and E. S. Dunlap are near neighbors. Some time since Stonaker got one of Dunlap's sons to feed his stock while he was away from home. During his absence, he alleges, young Dunlap made improper proposals to his wife. Some words passed between them, and ill feeling has existed between the parties, but with no serious results until yesterday. Dunlap and his three sons were repairing a road bridge in the vicinity of Stonaker's house. After they had been at work a short time Stonaker appeared and a general war of words ensued. Stonaker called Dunlap's son hard names, and told him to leave or he would give him a good whipping, whereupon Dunlap, senior, interfered, telling Stonaker that if there was going to be a row he wanted to have a hand in it. After many words one of the parties drew a revolver and fired. This was followed by others in quick succession. Stonaker retreated home and armed his wife with a shot-gun. The firing was kept up until all their weapons were discharged. A double-barrel shot-gun, a rifle, and two revolvers used—making some 15 shots fired in all b both parties. A little daughter of Stonaker, nine years of age, while standing in the door was shot just above the knee with a ball from Dunlap's revolver. Old Dunlap was shot in the breast with a load of small shot from the shot-gun and has also a bullet in the thigh, and another in his wrist. Drs. Roath and Parkhurst are attending the wounded man. It is feared he is dangerously injured. A state warrant was issued for Stonaker, and placed in the hands of Constables Morrison and Hodge, who brought him and his wife before Justice Yeckrod last evening. As Dunlap was not able to appear, they were placed in charge of the officers for safe keeping. It is thought Dunlap is likely to die. The affair caused great excitement in the quiet neighborhood of Danvers.

MIND AND BODY.

THE POWER OF THE MIND OVER THE PHYSICAL FUNCTIONS—EXPLANATIONS OF MODERN CURES AND MIRACLES.

In one of his lectures Dr. Brown Sequard says: The secretions are arrested or made active by nerve influence. Nursing mothers who give way to anger or other emotions poison their own milk, whereby the infant's health is often injured for life, if it is not killed outright. The bowels are purged by bread pills (as once was proved on a large scale by the Emperor Nicholas) provided people are told they are to be purged; eighty out of one hundred hospital patients have been vomited by a neutral remedy, when told "there had been a mistake made and they had all taken emetics." Much sea-sickness would be avoided if people could be made to believe they were not going to have it. The stigmata, or marks of the Saviour's hands and feet, have been plainly seen to appear on the corresponding portions of the bodies of certain of his more devout followers, among whom St. Francis of Assissi must be specially named. Yet ought we not to lose from our sight the possibility that these occurrences, however unquestionable they be, are yet simply owing to an action of the imagination, whereof a notable instance is related upon authority of great weight: A mother saw a window sash descend with great violence upon her little child's fingers, whereupon she herself was instantly seized with extreme pains in her own fingers, which did afterward swell and inflame in such a manner that she was long in being cured. The fakirs of India are sometimes able to divest themselves of the signs of life—respiration and circulation being stopped and bodily temperature lowered—for months continually. The pain of toothache vanishes at the sight of a dentist's chair; neuralgia once disappeared as the lecturer was about to enter on an operation for its relief; most functional, and even some organic affections (as dropsy) may be cured by giving the patient the idea that he is to be cured. And the well attested list of modern miracles is in the same category of facts.

LAUGHTER AS A MEDICINE.

A short time since, the Sanitarian reports, two individuals were lying in one room, very sick, one with brain fever, and the other with an aggravated attack of mumps. They were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of fever could recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch over night, his duty being to waken the nurse whenever it became necessary to administer medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any other portion of his body except his arms; but, seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakened both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning he found his patients vastly improved, and said he never knew so a sudden a turn for the better. Now both are up and well. Who says laughter is not one of the best of medicines? says London Medical Record. And this reminds the writer of another case. A gentleman was suffering from an ulceration in the throat, which at length became so swollen that his life was despaired of. His household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each individual shook hands with the dying man, and then went away weeping. Last of all came a pet ape, and, shaking the man's hand, went away also with its hands over its eyes. It was so ludicrous a sight that the patient was forced to laugh, and laughed so heartily that the ulcer (? abscess) broke, and his life was saved.